

No Nonsense

"My hands are sooooo cold. Sooooo cold,"
The second-grader cried.
Teacher said, "Find your pockets,
And stick your hands inside."

"I juuuuuuuuuust can't. Juuuuuuuuuust can't."
We heard the boy declare.
"There's no room in my pockets,
My mittens are in there."

Chorus:
Nonsense makes no sense.
It makes our teacher incensed,
When we put in our two cents,
And fill the school with nonsense.

Teacher said my handwriting,
Is impossible to read.
She said in my future,
Good cursive I will need.

I know I could write much neater,
But I will never tell her.
Since she can't read what I wrote,
She can't tell I'm a worse speller.

Chorus:

Each week there's Writing Workshop.
We write and work nonstop.
Although we write and work all day,
We never get to shop.

But when I want to show the class,
That I can write a lot,
I end my story with E T C,
And a dot, dot, dot.

Chorus: Music:

Each time we line up at the door,
In order of ABC.
That's why I always end up last,
My name begins with Z.

One day I told my teacher,
Next time she makes a mark.
Find my name at the top of the list,
I've changed it to Aardvark.

Chorus. Chorus: fade